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EDITORIALS

Man's Humanity to Man

(Christian Science Monitor)

That there are moral responsibilities to the world community which Americans will not shirk becomes plain as Secretary Hull's plan for care of political refugees receives favorable comment in several capitals. Among 400,000 people without a country today are men, women and children of every race and every social class. . . . Monarchists in republics and republicans in monarchies—non-conformists of every type—and every social, religious and political viewpoint," as Dorothy Thompson observes in the current issue of Foreign Affairs.

So, in adding Russia, China and Spain, according to recent figures, to the scope of Mr. Hull's proposal, President Roosevelt did not broaden it too much. Indeed, Mr. Roosevelt might well go a step farther than newspaper quotations indicate he did, and include the republican minorities which have now come under General Franco's rule of Loyalist Government at Barcelona, for which the President expressed concern. Of course, immigration quotas impose limits on the United States contribution to refugee aid. But present American quotas do offer ingress which has not been fully met, according to recent figures.

Provision of funds for transportation of refugees can help materially. And in any case the setting in motion of a great international effort to increase help given to refugees is in itself a considerable contribution.

REGARD for minority rights and the inviolability of individual dignity is one of the cornerstones of democratic society, as was eloquently recognized by John Stuart Mill in that famous essay, "On Liberty," in which he set forth the "nature and limits of the power which can be legitimately exercised by society over the individual." As completely, therefore, as it harmonizes with the best in American tradition, it also makes demands on Americans that can be met only by recognition of America's position as part of the international neighborhood.

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Light Lunches, Afternoon Accuracy

(Exchange)

The theory that a light lunch spells an efficient afternoon—science says its sound. Dr. Donald A. Laird, experimental psychologist, recently conducted tests which led him to that conclusion. He describes them in a current magazine.

Eight young men ate in Dr. Laird's laboratory each noon for a month. "We told them we were making studies of air conditions," he says. "If they had known that it was the size of the noon lunch we were studying, their bias one way or the other would doubtless have shown up in the results."

"To make this deception more effective, and keep the men convinced that we were studying air conditions, detailed records were kept of temperatures, humidity, air flow and barometric pressure, from time to time different odors were sprayed into the ventilating ducts just to elicit this scientific deception."

"On half of the days, scattered at random through the month, they were given a full-sized meal, with trays of bread and platters of 'seconds' on the table in front of them. They could eat all they wanted. On the other half of the days, however, they were given a dry lunch of somewhat restricted portions, and with no opportunity for second helpings."

"Then starting at 1 o'clock in the afternoon we gave them tests to find out how much more capable of doing mental work they were on the days they had eaten the light meals. The results were almost spectacular, and more than vindicated the habit of those business and professional persons who eat lightly at noon."

"In correctly recalling addresses memorized only a half hour previously, for instance, these men were 22 percent better on the light-half afternoon. Accuracy in purely mental addition, without the aid of paper and pencil, was 25 percent better after the light meal than after the heavy one. After the heavy meals, attention fluctuated almost 70 percent more."

"The stomach in a gorged status, Dr. Laird explains, sucks the blood away from the brain, which leaves the head in no condition

NOT TERRIBLY BORED

By HAZEL THORPE

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What Service.

SLENDER, gray-haired man married, a bit leathery in the face, steps that led to the glen entrance.

When he caught sight of a big tree, he was safe in the open space, its contents undisturbed, he relaxed relieved.

Sinking down on the running board on the shady side he took off his hat, mopped his reddened brow, and rested.

On the back seat of the next parked car sat a young girl, her legs propped up on a cushion and a steamer rug.

She looked with interest at the hot, tired man.

After resting a few minutes, he rose, put his hand in his right-hand coat pocket, then hurriedly, as she did, searched through all his pockets.

His face fell.

The girl smiled at him. "Trouble?" she asked.

"We forgot to lock the car doors," he said.

"We stopped here to see the glen. Got down to the restaurant by the falls and remembered the doors were locked. So I came back. But I haven't the key. My wife was driving, the last lap—she must have it."

He sat down again on the shady dogs' tails.

The girl looked at the big car beside her.

Through the closed windows she could see that the back was half filled with expensive bags and boxes, many of them pasted with labels from European hotels and resorts.

But I haven't the key. My wife was driving, the last lap—she must have it."

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the car had come back to lock it.

It's full of all kinds of things we brought back, you know. But she found she had his keys, and I had mine, so I came back to lock it.

Thinking I'd meet him, but the way out is different than the way in, and I must have missed him. Then when I got here I was forbidden to open my car—yours, I mean. Hard luck, isn't it?" He smiled broadly at Marcia. "Your turn," he added.

Marcia explained how his father had given her charge of his car.

"She was one of those school teachers on vacation, who had planned a day at the glen."

She had slipped and sprained her ankle when they had stopped on the way to visit another little falls. A doctor had bandaged it at the next village.

"It's all right now," she said, "but of course I can't tramp through the glen. She girls went on—I insisted. They left my share of the lunch with me—and here I am. I'm hungry."

"I'm starved," said John.

"Divide with me?"

"Yes," said Marcia. "There's lots of coffee—they had to leave a whole quart thermos with me. They took the other. And a plenty of sandwiches. But there's only one cup."

"I'll fix that," he said. He started to open the door of his car. "Oh, excuse me. May I?"

Marcia blushed and laughed.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Of course I must have seemed silly."

"No," he answered, smiling at her. "You seemed—well, not silly."

From an elaborate motor kit he produced spoons and plates and cups and a little folding table he adjusted under Marcia's knees.

From the refreshment stand at the glen entrance he bought ice cream and candy and salted nuts to add to Marcia's offering.

Then he climbed in beside her, and they started in on the best lunch they had ever had.

When Marcia's three companions turned several hours later they felt a little guilty at their neglect.

There was an empty parking place next to their car. Marcia sat just as they had left her.

"Where you terribly bored, dear?" asked one of them.

"Not terribly," she answered, serene in the knowledge that, with John's promised letters coming to her every day up until he himself returned, she would never be bored again.

"Not terribly."

Minnesota Town of 50's

Is Almost Entirely Gone

Years ago Louisville (which was five miles from here) was a flourishing little village, observes a Shakopee, Minn., United Press correspondent.

The town was started as a trading post by Louis La Croix, a Frenchman, on the Mississippi river, in 1830. It grew, finally, into a settlement of some thirty houses, a few stores, two saw mills, a schoolhouse, a grist mill and a postoffice.

Suddenly the town fell into decay, and in a decade all but disappeared.

And today the village of Louisville, Minn., is a ghost town. It is no longer on the map.

"I've lived here all my life," said a middle-aged resident of Shakopee, "and I never heard of it. You don't mean Louisville, Ky., do you?"

Further inquiry revealed that the ghost town was given its name by its chief promoter, H. H. Spencer, who in 1838 had migrated to the settlement from Louisville, Ky. The following year he bought La Croix's claim—his log cabin and trading post—and moved a store he had established in Shakopee five miles up the river.

In 1854 Spencer hired J. O. Fuller to survey parts of two sections of land he owned for the townsite and named the village Louisville after the Kentucky metropolis.

Spencer, an astute and daring business man, offered lots gratis to any settler who would contract to build his own home. Before long he had thirty or more neighbors, who found it convenient to trade at his store—there being no other within five miles.

The town progressed for several years, and even at one time had a postoffice. But when the St. Paul & Sioux City railroad (later the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha) was built, Louisville was left far in the rear, and Merriam, a few miles away, became the trading center of the region.

Letters to the Editor are always welcomed by this newspaper.

THEN HE TOLD HER WHY

"Why?" she whispered after his first embrace. Of course a man never really knows. But if the truth be told, 'twould be your lovely skin that makes me adore you. 'Tis Nature's way. Express this lure in your complexion, given by the only element that has face power. PRINCESS PAINT. No pores, no wrinkles, no lines can give such loveliness.

TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY" Sundays NBC 6:30 P. M. Eastern Time

For Sale by

MAC'S 5c—\$1.00 STORE

LOSEY CORNERS

At the meeting of the P. T. A. Monday evening the 4-H girls staged a fashion show. During the evening they presented Mrs. William Foster, their leader, with a blue leather hand bag.

Mrs. Walter Dixon was given a birthday surprise party Saturday by the girls of her Sunday School class. It proved an enjoyable time for all.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Fredericks and Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Mansfield were guests of Mrs. and Mrs. Miner of Farmington Sunday evening.

Next Sunday Catechism classes will be started for different aged groups. All are welcome to join one of these classes.

Measles still are prevalent, new cases being reported every week. Junior Kendall has them now.

TO MY TEACHERS TWO

I wish that I might write a poem of two dear friends I knew.

Both were tried by the fire

but the gold came shining through.

There was a little of dress in their make-up.

The kind that when tried proves true.

They taught me to love my neighbors.

Those that the world calls "lost."

To help the ones in trouble

On life's stormy billow tossed;

To help without stopping to question

How great will be the cost.

May their pathway in life grow brighter

As they toil toward the setting sun

And they hear the voice of the Master

Saying, "Rest for thy work is done.

The trials of life are over

And a life in heaven beyond."

—Mrs. Robert Fredericks.

Early discovery of tuberculosis means early recovery. This early way to find the disease in its early, symptomless stages is to have a chest X-ray.—Michigan Tuberculosis Association.

Production of 1939

Plates to Start May 1

Manufacture of 1939 motor vehicle license plates will begin this week at the State Prison of Southern Michigan, Jackson, about May 1. Immediately after completion of the last of the 1938 half-year plates, the new plates will show black letters and numbers on a buff background.

Use of Michigan-made materials in the making of these license plates has increased by about one-third because of the replacement of the old windshield "sticker" with metal plates.

The manufacture of 1938 motor vehicle license plates involved 1,245 tons of steel and approximately 10,000 gallons of paint; 2,489,600 pairs of plates were made. To handle them required an equal number of envelopes, and 4,979 cartons for shipment from the prison to the branch offices of the Department of State.

An optometrist is a person who thinks he'll feel better next week, pay up his current bill next month, and begin to get rich next year.

Neighborhood visits among women of households as well as men of the business district are salutary, if they are devoted to constructive talks and not to tearing down the efforts of other fellows.

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Light is Cheap!

GOOD LIGHTING FOR A GAME OF BRIDGE—

300 WATT LAMP

You can operate this 300-watt lamp 56 minutes for 1c (at average residence rates)

COST: ABOUT A penny an hour

BRIDGE isn't much fun if half the time is spent in frowning at cards in dim light, and peering across the table at a dummy hand only half visible. Bridge to be enjoyed must be played with good lighting—and that is exactly what this 300-watt lamp provides. Used with the new reflector-type floor lamp which has a reflector bowl under the shade, this 300-watt bulb will provide almost one hour of excellent illumination at a cost of only one cent. And it is soft, pleasant lighting—easy on the eyes.

At your next bridge party—instead of huddling in cramped discomfort next to an inadequate, old-fashioned bridge lamp—try this new type of lighting with its sense of freedom and relaxation. Lean back in your chair and enjoy yourself: Revel in the soft, pleasant illumination of a 300-watt reflector-bowl floor lamp. You can afford it—its cost is only about a penny an hour!

THE DETROIT EDISON COMPANY